

N I G H T:

A

P O E M.

In Four Books.

Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
Our joys and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumbered, and eternal lights.

P R I O R.

By JAMES RALPH.

L O N D O N:

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MY GUY

MEMO

In Four Books.

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BY JAMES E. P. H.





T O.

The Right Honourable

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD,



HE rigid admirers
of sincerity and
plain dealing have
so frequently and so justly

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com-

DEDICATION.

complain'd of poetical DEDICATIONS, that an author, who has any regard for his patron's character, or his own, must forbear to praise, least the virtues of the one, and the honesty of the other, should be call'd in question; for which reason, my LORD, I must commit a violence on my own inclinations,

DEDICATION.

clinations, and admire, in silence only, what deserves the most publick applause, as being calculated entirely for the publick good.

BUT, tho' I am deny'd the satisfaction of doing all the justice in my power to one of the most amiable characters in life, I hope I may be allow'd, at least, to

DEDICATION.

acknowledge my sincerest
gratitude for the honour
your LORDSHIP has done
me, by receiving this poem
into your protection, with
such uncommon goodness,
and condescension. I am,

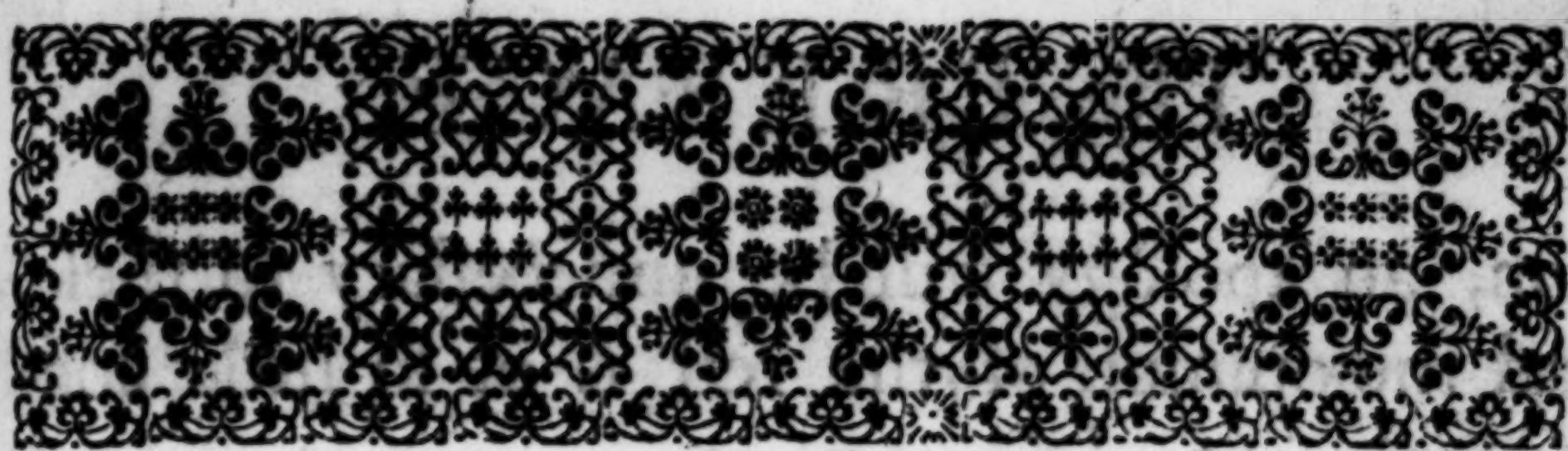
With the utmost Zeal and Respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Oblig'd,

And most Humble Servant,

James Ralph.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

SINCE poetry, in all the polite
ages of the world, has employ'd
some of the most distinguish'd per-
sons, and will always be the en-
tertainment of the more elegant
part of mankind, I am persuaded that the am-
bition of excelling in so noble an art, and of
being mention'd with such celebrated names,
will never be condemn'd by any who are qua-
lified to discover and admire it's beauties, or
have generosity, and good nature enough to en-
courage those who endeavour to oblige the world
in that agreeable way: wherefore should an
author, in any degree, merit so glorious a distinc-
tion,

tion, an apology will be unnecessary to these, and the opinion of the rest is of so little consequence as to deserve none.

POETRY is at once intended for our delight, and instruction; but a vicious fancy of amusing the world with trifles, in lieu of such subjects as are in themselves truly noble and sublime, has of late been too much indulg'd; for which reason, I hope, 'twill be equally needless, to make any excuse for my choice of so grave a subject, or use any persuasives to influence it's success; especially if the dress it appears in should prove any way becoming it's dignity, and 'tis consider'd with what applause Mr. *Thompson's* admirable poems were generally receiv'd by the favourers of learning and good sense; an undeniable argument that if the muse is really the inspirer, the world, even to a serious author, will not be wholly ungrateful!

I KNOW there is a kind of mongrel *Criticks*, whose greatest pleasure is in triumphing over the frailties incident to all mankind: but as I flatter myself their number is inconsiderable, compar'd

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to the more candid readers, I shall address myself intirely to the last, who will charitably make an allowance for my faults, and rejoyce if they should be able to discover a beauty; while the others with a malignant joy will torture every line in search of errors, and rack a dubious sentence to favour their own perverse inclinations: nevertheless, whoever will venture to publish his labours must be content with whatever treatment they receive; since every reader has an indisputable right to speak his sentiments on either side, and 'tis to be suppos'd the writer who has the most merit may, however, depend on the most generous usage.

WHAT I shall further add concerning the following poem, will be no more than refers to the *verse*, in comparison with *Milton's*, and the more common method of writing in *rhime*.

THAT inimitable author was the first who, in the *English* tongue, employ'd *blank verse* in *narrative* poems, and, notwithstanding his success was so prodigiously great, there have been but very few who have dared to follow his track.

M R.

MR. *I. Phillips* was the next, and in a strain but little inferior, tho' the subject of his *Cider*, was infinite degrees short of the *Fall of Man*.

MR. *Watts* has likewise, in the *Dacian Battel*, and several smaller pieces, perform'd extreamly well, and in every line deserves the character of an artist. Beside these, and Mr. *Thompson*, I know no more who have written any thing of considerable length to advantage in this way: tho' Mr. *Dryden* long since affirmed, That he who writ well in *rhime* might rise to a greater excellence in *blank verse*.

BUT however easy *versifying* may seem, when freed from the inconvenience of *rhime*, there are a thousand difficulties to be overcome, and a thousand roughnesses softened, before the numbers will be tolerably musical, or please even an ordinary ear: for, being used to a different turn, we expect the *rhime* at the close of every couplet, and, unless the *verse* is very smoothly finish'd, know not how to reconcile ourselves to the want of it; tho', by this harmonious echo, we are

fre-

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frequently coufen'd of that sense and energy of thought, which ought to animate every sentence, and, if the cadence is sweet, seldom examine any further. — Beside, as *rhime* has this enchanting faculty of concealing the errors of the poet, so the *omission* of it exposes his meaning in the strongest light, betrays every meaness of sense and sound, and evinces the merit of the writer to the world at once: nor are these the only advantages of *blank verse*, since it affords the largest room for variety of expression, strength of images, and beauty of metaphors; so that the author is, at the same time, oblig'd to be correct, and has sufficient opportunity of exerting all his vigour, without the disadvantage of contracting his designs, or sacrificing the grace, attitude, or boldness of his figures, for the sake of a trifling flower, or a gilded frame.

NEITHER can *blank verse* be truly thought less sonorous or musical, since, notwithstanding all the prejudice of custom, no *Critick* ever yet imagin'd that *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, in this respect, would have received an additional beauty from *rhime*. — I would not here be understood

stood as if I intirely condemn'd that method of writing, for my design is only to justify mine own, and to abate, if possible, the aversion abundance have conceived against *blank verse*, as wanting the harmonious beauties of *rhime*; and as there are, undoubtedly, a great many of the polite world who choose to be entertain'd in that manner, as well as various writers whose inclinations are turned in it's favour, both *blank verse* and *rhime* may be indulg'd in their turns, without any injury to either: nay the most obstinate admirers of *blank verse* must allow, from the works of *Dryden*, *Prior*, *Addison*, and *Pope*, that *rhime* is capable of very extraordinary beauties, as may be seen in the following admirable *Night-Piece*.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'er-casts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,

O'er

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O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head ;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light. (a)

BUT even here I am afraid, a judicious eye will discern that the poet (for the sake of *rhime*) has been unhappily led into some inconsistencies, which in *blank verse* might have been easily avoided ; 'twas for this, as well as the reasons before mention'd, that I was inclin'd to prefer the last.

As to the imitation of *Milton*, no one, I think, has ever done it with a good grace ; there is a majestical musick in his numbers, and an unequal'd aptness in his expression, which, I am afraid, will never be copied ; those who have attempted it have run into the affectation of his antiquated words and phrases, rather than a lively and accurate method of designing and colouring like him.

(a) *Pope's Homer.*

EVEN

EVEN Mr. *Phillips* himself, I believe, had succeeded better if he had not paid so strict a deference to *Milton's* manner, and thereby neglected his own.

THERE is yet another disadvantage in following that great man too close: for people will be naturally led to compare the copy with the original, and then the first will of necessity be condemn'd: for *Milton* was peculiarly happy in the sublimest subject, and had the greatest stock of fancy and judgment to manage it, consequently, must for ever enjoy the highest honours, when they who are only his servile imitators, and their works are buried in oblivion together.

'T WAS from these considerations I was inclin'd to choose that *kind of blank verse*, which I thought would adorn my subject the most; how I have succeeded, is humbly submitted to the determination of the publick.

I WOULD not willingly extend this preface to an indecent length; therefore shall only beg
leave

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have to observe, that there are too many readers who form their judgments of a poem according to the reputation of it's author, or the character it receives from their darling acquaintance, and so praise or condemn it without examining one serious reason for either. But, certainly, this intolerance or partiality is both injurious to our selves, and unjust to the author; injurious to our selves, because a blind devotion to any particular person's credit in the world, abridges that freedom of thought which is every sensible man's property, and vitiates the judgment by an absurd, and illgrounded admiration of every thing he publishes: unjust to the author, because no one can properly be suppos'd a *judge* who is not vers'd in the merits of the cause; wherefore, must appear ridiculous or tyrannical to determine on either side, 'till the whole has been consider'd with the utmost candor and attention.

LET then the ensuing poem be impartially read, and compar'd with *Nature* (which is it's original) before 'tis declar'd unworthy of the cause, and if it must afterwards receive such a sentence,

sentence, I have nothing to appeal to, but shall submit my self intirely to the censure deserve.



ERRATA.

BOOK I. page 12. line 16. for *globe* read *glebe*. Book p. 26. l. 7. f. *ston* r. *stop*. Book. III. p. 39 l. 15. at *home-bred* add *war*.

NIGHT

N I G H T:

A

P O E M.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
Our joys and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumbered, and eternal lights.

P R I O R.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVIII.

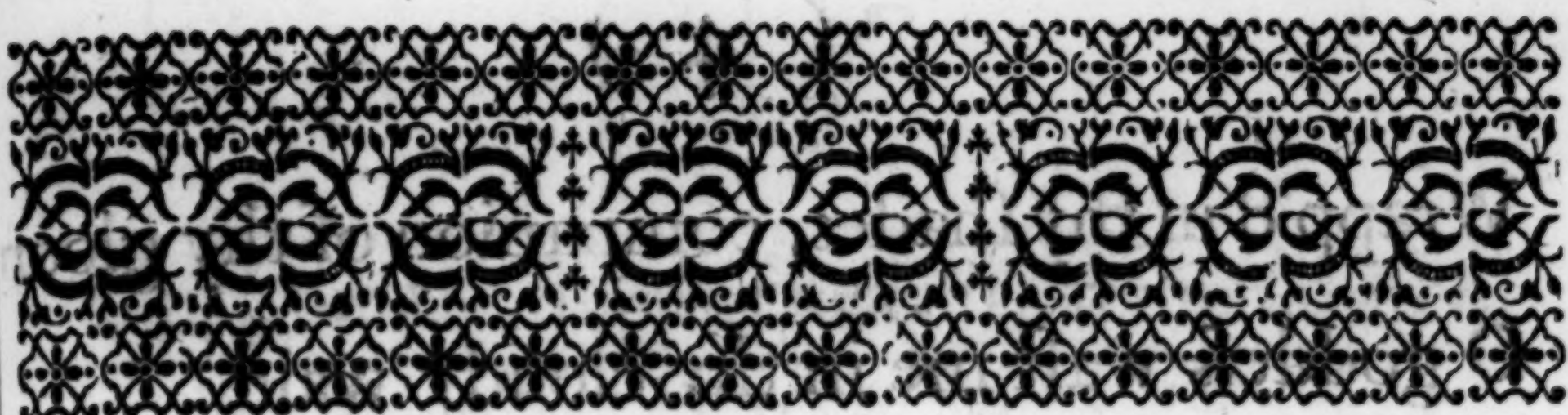
M. O. E.

In Four Books.

And dark the night sometimes appears,
And to your woes, and pains of our tears:
And joy and wonder sometimes the excites,
And bliss unspeakable, and eternal lights.

P R I O R.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXVII.



N I G H T:

A

P O E M.

B o o k the First.

 O! sable night ascends the dusky air,
And spreads her deep'ning shadows
all around ;

Her silent influence stills the noisy world,
And wakes the studious soul to solemn thought.

Wrapp'd in thy shades, companion of thy gloom
O goddess waft me in thy cloudy wain,

To all the lonely limits of thy rule;
While mortals dream the happy hours away,
And flight the awful pleasures of thy reign;
Wrapp'd in thy shades; What wonders will arise
And thro' the deepest gloom delight my soul!

O thou, whose secret haunt is far remov'd
From all the restless, glaring scenes of day,
Sweet contemplation, daughter of the night!
O deign thy favour to th' adventurous muse,
And, on thy pow'rful pinions, safely guide
Her daring progress thro' the darksome round;
So shall my grateful songs resound thy praise,
With dulcet musick, and attune the hours
Of sleep, and silence with melodious lays.

When

When, from the steep of heav'n's aetherial arch,
 The sun's red orb descending rolls the day,
 All-shadowing night, dun-rising o'er the east,
 Begins her silent course, and slowly drives
 Her gloomy car along the dark'ning skies,
 Till, downward far beneath the earth's green
 verge,
 The last retreating beams of light are fled :
 Then, with a loosen'd rein, her rapid steeds
 Hast ascend and all the landscape's lost
 At once beneath her wide-extended veil :
 Then half the mountains of the dreery globe,
 volv'd with shades, and black-brow'd darkness
 mourn,
 pond'rous clouds hang heavy on her wheels.
 But if the northen blast has clear'd the air,

And wastful tempests slumber on the deep,
 Bright *Vesper* leads her peaceful wain, and rolls
 His radiant circlet up the starry vault,
 Or, o'er th' illumin'd earth, the friendly moon
 Streams down her grateful rays, and shines the
 queen of heav'n.

Mean while revolving time, with restless toil,
 Thro' all the seasons turns the circling year,
 And varies ev'ry scene with gradual change.
 First youthful spring begins the wond'rous round,
 With all the loves, and graces in his train,
 And, rising glorious o'er the heav'nly blue,
 Brightens the day, and, from his dewy wings
 Distills soft pleasures on the blooming world ;
 Wakes the young flow'rs to chear the glad some
 green,

And

And tunes the sylvan choirs to songs of joy :
 Or, when still evening o'er the sky returns,
 And, in their radiant orbs, the twinkling stars
 Prepare their circuits, and exert their rays,
 His kindly warmth exhales a thousand sweets,
 And wafts the blended odours thro' the air ;
 Charm'd with the spicy gale grim darkness smiles,
 And night enchanted loiters in the sky ;
 While brooding joys attend her sable throne,
 And add unnumber'd beauties to her reign.
 But various woes pollute all earthly blifs,
 And rule the nations with alternate sway :
 Lo! while the infant bloom adorns the tree,
 And early flowrets blossom in the meads,
 The north wind, blustering thro' the midnight
 gloom,

The cold remains of winter drives along ; And
Down from the wastful cloud big hail descends, Or b
And flats the flowry burthen of the fields: As b
The toiling peasant, as the morning dawns, A
Eyes pensive all the languid scene, and mourns And
The wide destruction of the wintry show'r. As n

Or, when the sun, all pale thro' watry clouds, And
Descends, and faintly marks the length'ning shade, The
Laden with deadly blights the eastern breeze And
Moves slowly thro' the sky, and spreads it's bane The
Resistless o'er the vegetable world; Refr
The buds just opening wither in their prime, plant
The drooping blossoms shed their faded leaves, impe
And sickly flow'rs bent down before the blast, Whi
Resign at once their odours, and their bloom; her
The fruits, yet immature, drop from the stem, The

And

And with abortive plenty strew the ground;
 Or black'ning hang amid the blasted boughs,
 As baleful trophies of the tainting gale.

At last, propitious *Zephyr* waves his wings,
 And all the fragrance of the spring renews,
 As nearer sun's returning shed their beams,
 And drive far off the winter's rage away:

Then night arises big with vernal joys,
 And veils the welkin with a grateful shade:

Then roseat dews, in thickest show'rs, unfelt
 Refreshing fall, and, where the horned moon,
 Plant o'er the green, low-circling, streams her light,
 Imppearl the flow'rs, and gleam from ev'ry leaf;

While wakeful *Philomela* pensive sings
 Her soul-enchancing strains, and lonely cheers
 The darksome shadows with melodious lays.

Then

Then (long disturb'd with roaring restless storms)
 The ocean waves in gentle murmurs roll,
 And *Halcyon* brooding on the peaceful deeps,
 Rebuilds her floating nest and hails the blissful
 change ;

Unwonted verdure greens the rocky strand,
 And on it's threat'ning brow, stern horror frowns
 no more ;

Glad *Amphitrite*, rising from her cave,
 Resumes her chariot, and aloft, sublime,
 In triumph rides along the subject-seas,
 And breathes the odour of the balmy gale ;
 Her finny couriers shake their flowing mains,
 And neigh exulting o'er the froathy brine ;
 Around the nymphs, and tritons tune their shells,
 And all the sea-beat shores resound their joys.

Again

ns) Again the seamen hoist their *willing* sails,
 And court the favours of th' indulgent breeze,
 Light o'er the waves the gladfom vessel *steers*,
 ful And ev'ry eye with kindling rapture views,
 Earth, seas, and air at once serenely smile.

Mean time, inflam'd with love, the virgin roams
 yns Thro' the dead silence of the evening's gloom,
 And treads the mazes of the winding grove
 To find the lovely youth her soul adores:
 Now, breathless, panting with her native fears,
 she longs, and sickens for his lov'd approach;
 Now dreadless roves anew, and, whisp'ring soft,
 invokes a thousand blessings on his name:
 At last he comes, and in a burst of joy
 ells, The happy lovers join their long embrace;
 While rising transports warm each throbbing
 gain heart, And

And with a flood of pleasure rush thro' ev'ry vein:
 Then, where embow'ring shades, ascending high,
 With dewy woodbines knit their leafy boughs,
 And nature wantons in abundant sweets,
 They sit entranc'd beneath, and look, and sigh,
 And murmur all the passion of their souls.

So, in the rage of mutual pleasures lost, ^{(teem:}
 Their sprightly thoughts with gladfom prospects
 Thro' the dim shade aerial musick sounds,
 And midnight Fairies, o'er the lightsom green,
 In mazy circles seem to dance along, ^{(way.}
 'Till, from the gath'ring show'r, they vanish all a-

For, now wide hov'ring thro' the misty air,
 Dark clouds ascend, and roll, and blacken all
 around.

Down pour the rains redundant o'er the globe,

And

And soak, and freshen all the thirsty fields;
 The drooping herds forsake the smoaking heath,
 And seek the shelt'ring wood, and mortals bless
 The grateful show'r, which, beating on the roof,
 With sleepy murmur lulls their drowzy souls.
 At length the morning light illustrious dawns,
 Sweetly acclaim'd with charm of earliest birds,
 And throws a glory o'er the fragrant earth.
 Thus where soft peace it's downy influence sheds,
 When nature blooms, and all the world is gay;
 Untainted pleasure in the darkness broods,
 And lifts the soul to joy: but where dread *Mars*
 His bloody banner o'er a nation waves,
 In vain fresh flowrets spring, and verdure crowns
 the woods;
 Contending armies hide the flow'ry field,
 And

And flaming forests in their verdure burn :

Wide-wasting slaughter rages all the day, (night

And crimsons deep the plains ; and when black

With rising terrors darkens o'er the world,

The clash of arms, and all the din of war,

In dreadful circles thro' the air resound.

The wretched parent, all aghast, deplores

His ravish'd daughters, and his murder'd sons,

And, on the noxious earth, with sleepless eyes

Weeps the sad hours furcharg'd with woe away ;

While desolation saddens ev'ry scene,

And horror stalks tremendous o'er the waste.

The sons of rapine, bent on mischief, roam

The bloody field, and, striding o'er the dead,

Seize all the rich habiliments of war ;

And if, yet warm with inward life, there breath

Some hapless wretch among the heaps of slain,
 The cruel sword, fatigu'd with death, expels
 His suppliant soul, while, thro' the midnight air,
 Long-sounding groans of injur'd ghosts are heard,
 And dying murmurs mingle with the winds.

So where the barb'rous *Russians* scour the
 woods,

And hunt the frightened beasts in droves along;
 Huge numbers fall, and yield their costly furs
 An easy prey : the mangled carnage lies
 A burthen to the earth, and hungry wolves,
 Attending nightly on the slaughter'd tribe,
 Well hideous o'er the deathful scene, and fill
 With shuddring horror all the neighb'ring lands.

O bear me far, my guardian angel, hence
 From hostile nations, and from scenes of blood,

To

To those obscure, and solitary shades,
 Which bold *Columbus* first explor'd ; there lost
 In peace, and silence my contented soul
 May slumber life away remote from war,
 Nor hear the crush when mighty empires fall,
 And shake with pond'rous ruins half the world.
 —There nature pours with lavish hand her sweets,
 And in profusion ev'ry blessing gives ;
 When lively spring returns, fresh verdure greens
 The thick'ning forests, and renews the shades :
 Wide o'er the dusky lands they wave aloft,
 And dance, and murmur to the wanton gale,
 Which, fum'd with odours, (from the chearful
 Of teeming trees in purple blossoms gay) (bloom
 Wafts up a fragrant vapour to the stars :
 Beneath with scented herbs, and opening flow'rs

The earth's embalm'd, while down the neigh-
b'ring hills,

Soft murm'ring, roll a thousand gentle streams,

And lull the thoughtless savage to repose :

Charm'd with the various joy soft sleep descends,

And dewy slumbers on his eyelid sheds ;

The silent god sinks easy on his breast, •

And folds his drowzy limbs in midnight down.

But can the murmurs of descending floods,

And mingled fragrance of the blooming earth,

Or secret shades, and solitude relieve

The inborn sorrows, and perplexing cares

Which torture deep the miserable soul ?

Alas ! in vain he courts the spicy gale,

The floating musick, or the lonely shade ;

C

No

No pause of grief attends the rapt'rous scene,
 But down he sinks oppress'd with cureless woe:

—Black melancholy glooms his mournful
 thought,

And gives a dreadful horror to the night:

All sad she rises o'er the pensive fields,

And with her dusky wing embrowns the dark'ning
 green ;

Where e'er she turns contagion flies along,

And fades the honours of the blooming tree ;

Infects the odours of the springing flow'rs,

And veils the beauty of their filken leaves ;

Now plaintive down the headlong wave she
 glides,

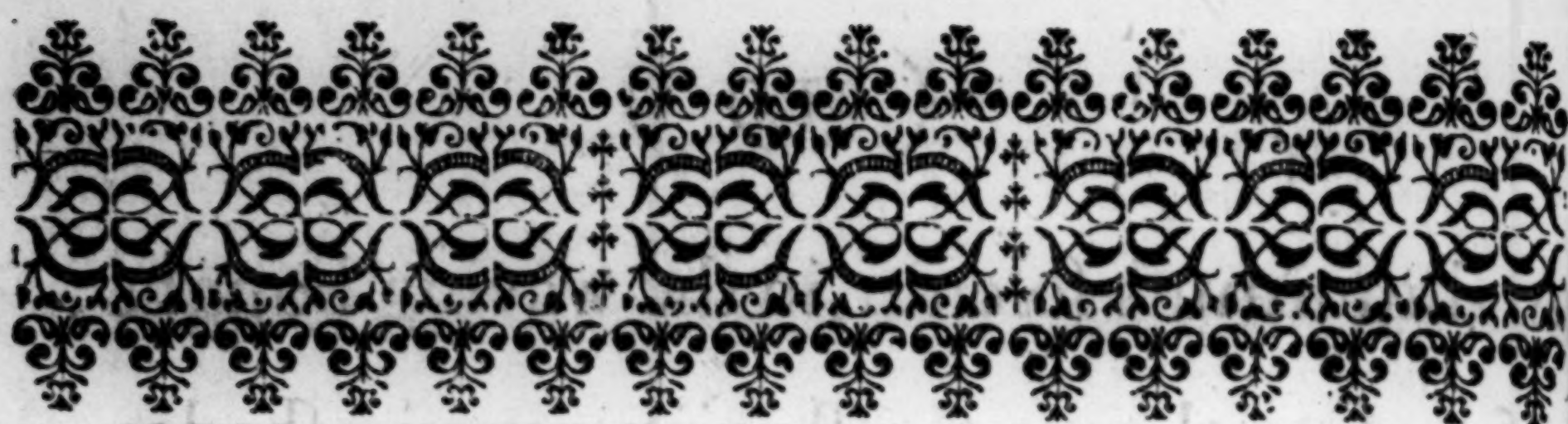
And wakes lone echoe with the sadd'ning sound

Now on the sighing breeze sublimely rides,

And

And murmurs solemn in the waving boughs ;
 Ascending thence the stygian vapour shades
 The twinkling glories of the heav'nly vault,
 And all the planets of malignant rule,
 Gleam on the midnight earth their baleful rays.





N I G H T :

A

P O E M.



B o o k the Second.



W H E N thus the spring has introduc'd
the year,
And blest'd with various beauties
half the globe,

The sun, exalted to the midmost sky,

Flames

Flames on his rear, and burns his silken wings:

So panting in the heat he flies away,

And sultry summer rules the lazy air.

Then, faint with labour in the mid-day beam,

The sweaty peasant to the shade retires,

And, wishing down the sun, implores that night

Would throw her shadows o'er the scorching

Or invokes aloud the flagging gales (world,

To mitigate the glowing heat: in vain ;

The flagging gales deny their freshning aid,

And tardy day yet lingers in the sky,

While frantick herds bound o'er the dusty plain,

And wade delighted down the cooling wave:

'Tis then the fervour of the blazing sun

Exhales the moisture of the thirsty earth:

Then the brown herbage withers in the fields,

And various rifts divide the parching meads;
 Scorch'd on the stem the languid roses fade,
 And all the drooping forests hang their leaves;
 'Till from the skies his burning orb descends:
 When, wide-expanded in the ev'ning air,
 The pearly dew-drops fall, and chear the flow'rs,
 And all the verdure of the earth revive.

So, when, long wand'ring o'er th' *Arabian* sands,
 The gasping pilgrims search with fruitless toil
 For limpid streams along the dreary waste;
 Intestine drought, like darted light'ning, flies
 Thro' ev'ry vein, and scorches all within;
 'Till, at the bubbling springs at last arriv'd,
 With frequent draughts they cool their raging
 heat,
 And feel new vigor strength'ning ev'ry limb.

Now

Now darkneſs o'er th' æthereal concave reigns,
 And drives the twilight's dusky gleam away,
 While, dim, the ſapphire moon, full orb'd, aſcends,
 And wheels her chariot thro' the miſty air,
 'Till mounted high, ſhe rides illuſtrious on,
 And gilds remoter worlds: the lightſom earth,
 Illumin'd with her beams, in ſecret ſmiles,
 And ev'ry mountain ſheds a glory down;
 The waving woods nod ſhadowy o'er the green,
 And chryſtal ſtreams reflect her ſilver rays.

Goddeſs of ſhades! ſoft regent of the night,
 Whoſe friendly circuit weary wand'ers bleſs!
 Queen of the watry world! fair planet, tell
 What happy tribes enjoy your argent fields?
 Find virtue's ſons their wiſh'd *Elyſium* there,
 And wander gladſom thro' your radiant walks?

Dwell infant souls, just wing'd for human life,
 Among your od'rous shades, and thence descend
 Thro' night's dark gloom to breath inclement
 air,

Mindless of native joys now their's no more ?
 Or, do our guardian angels ease their wings,
 When freed from us, on your delightful plains,
 And in the purer dews purge off the gloom,
 And black'ning tincture of our earthly globe ?
 Or crown'd with ever blooming roses strike
 The golden lyre, and warble heav'nly strains ?
 Or rais'd sublime bestride your purple clouds,
 And sail serenely thro' the realms of light ?
 For sure a nobler race must there reside
 With guilt untainted, like the sons of heav'n,
 To reap the blessings of your happy orb.

Now

Now silence reigns, and all the fervent air
 Glows with the seasons warmth : no cooling gale
 It's airy pinions wide-refreshing waves ;
 But stifling vapours thicken in the sky,
 And hang with saffron mists the dusky glebe.
 The forests sound no more ; the branches rest,
 And flowing smooth rolls down the even flood :
 While, o'er the earth's green verge, pale light'n-
 ings stream,

And flash their length'ning radiance to the stars.
 At last soft whisp'ring *Zephyr* shakes his wings,
 And sheds ambrosial odours o'er the world :
 Then bow the woods before his balmy breath,
 And, gently rising, dance the azure waves ;
 While, tir'd with daily toils, and longsom hours,
 The weary lab'rer lies in downy slumbers lost ;

And

And all the sylvan choirs, their lays forgot,
In silence sleep among the pendent boughs,

Mean time the frolick virgins hast along
Thro' lonely shades, and unfrequented fields,
To bath their naked beauties in the stream :
In loose array they wander on the brink,
And ston, and listen to the trembling leaves,
Afraid some bold intruder lurks beneath :

Then shiv'ring touch the margin of the flood
With tim'rous foot and sound the shallow ford ;
'Till, sportive grown, they beat the buxome
waves,

And drive continual circles to the shore.

At length, wide-floating on the midnight breeze
They hear soft musick tune the vocal air,
And sounds of mirth each melting strain succeed

baA

Frighted

Frighted ! amaz'd ! they hurry to the land,

And glide immediate thro' the darksome shade :

From far the joyous comfort fills the gloom,

But dies at last in less'ning notes away,

As down the murm'ring tide the mirthful bark

Floats gently, and transporting pleasure broods

On the wide surface of the watry plain.

Now, while the moon in her meridian rides,

And streams her brightest glories o'er the earth,

Let me beneath embow'ring shadows lye,

Where eglantines, and starry jess'mines waft

Their mingled fragrance ; where sweet lillies

bloom,

And blushing roses all their odours shed :

There, silent as the night, my studious soul

shall scorn the earth, and wing her thoughts to

heav'n,

Shall,

Shall, with unwearied flight, high-soaring trace
 The shining path, which flighted virtue takes,
 To the bright mansions of eternal joy.

--Lo! the pure azure parts, and from the skies,
 In streams of light, an heav'nly form descends,
 And leans illustrious on the purple cloud.

'Tis she! meek patience, by whose potent lore
 The noble soul in all it's sorrow smiles:

--I feel her influence easing ev'ry care,
 And ev'ry passion soothing into peace:

So rais'd superior to the earth's dark globe, (loft,
 It's pleasures charm no more, and all it's pains are

Arise, my friend, my dearest *Nisus*, rise;
 And, while the world's a solitude, and night
 Hangs her dark mantle o'er the shaded skies,
 Come, let us roam along the moon-light fields,

And, in soft converse, spend the silent hours.

What a still coolness freshens in the wind !

How sweet the vales ! how beautiful the hills !

How deep the murmurs ! and how bright the
stream !

O happy land where peace for ever dwells,

And freedom roves among the chearful tribes ;

Where nature riots in luxuriant joys,

And ev'ry cloud drops down mellifluent dew ;

Where rosy health sweetens the wholsom air,

And drives the taint of pestilence away ;

While *Græcia*, (once *Minerva's* darling seat,

From whence the goddess civiliz'd the world)

By frequent plagues depopulated, mourns

Her vacant cities, and deserted plains.

Drove from the southern climes, and big with

And fate,

They

They load the murm'ring gale, and dim the day
 With mortal vapours, and infectious blasts.
 Dark night succeeds involv'd with deadly mists
 And swell'd with venom baneful dews descend
 The grazing heifer sickens on the green,
 And in a length of lamentable groans expires;
 While round the gasping father mourn the sons
 Struck with the dire disease they sudden fall,
 And in the rage of agonizing tortures dye.
 Thus death prevails, and, glorying in the waste
 Shakes from on high his formidable dart,
 And stalks gigantick o'er the dreary realms:
 Trembling the earth beneath his footstep groans
 And all it's mountains shake: the glutted grave
 No longer opens her destructive jaws;
 But choak'd with heaps of dead can hold no more

day on the blasted heath whole tribes are hurl'd,
And rot, and moulder in the tainted wind.

Midst all the glories of the *Orient* climes,
With rig'rous hand oppressive flav'ry reigns,
And claims the rev'rence of an earthly god :

High on a pompous throne, with glitt'ring gems
Emblaz'd, the lordly tyrant sits sublime,
Array'd in purple, and adorn'd with gold,
And awes the nations with majestick frown :

In crouds they tremble at his dreadful nod,
And prostrate in the dust adoring fall :

When—hark ! their idol thunders from above,
And hecatombs of human victims bleed,
To make a short atonement for his causeless rage.

In *Africk's* wide, inhospitable lands,
Beneath the torrid *Zone*, what burning suns

Inflame

Inflame the earth, and scorch the sultry air !
 What latent deaths, *Medusa's* direful brood,
 Lurk in the desert plains, and shoot their stings
 And kill with tortures not to be describ'd !
 If from the ocean cooling gales arise,
 When shadowy night comes on, and gently clears
 The hot effluvia from the glowing sky ;
 E'er half her course is finish'd o'er the world,
 The sickly south collects his strongest blast,
 And drives a tempest thro' the clouded heav'ns,
 Involv'd with deepest darkness raves along,
 And bears th' Almighty on his gloomy wings
 Prepar'd for vengeance, and inflam'd with rage
 Dreadfully great appears th' indignant god
 Sublimely riding on the wastful storm ;
 Commanding forth the daemons of the night

To pour his anger o'er the sinful globe ;
 Arming his red right hand with vengful bolts,
 And hurling ruin thro' the fearful void :
 Then flame the woods, then smoke the moun-
 tain tops,
 And earth affrighted to the centre shakes ;
 The guilty nations tremble at the roar,
 And in deep caverns shun the deathful blaze :
 The lordly lion, howling thro' the dark,
 In terror flies from his untasted prey,
 And all the monsters of the sandy waste
 Well in the storm, and hasten to their dens.
 Far, far from hence, amidst th' *Atlantick*
 waves,
 A length of islands stretch their rocky shores,
 And check the fury of the raging surge,

D

Where

Where golden fruitage bends the fragrant boughs,
And od'rous bloffoms waft eternal sweets ;
Where blooms the citron, and the fruitful pine
It's honey-tasted apples plenteous yields ;
Where luscious harvests chear the planters toil,
And various spices scent the gladfom gale.

There, when the flaming sun has fir'd the air,
And evening glows with unabated warmth,
Calm on the deep the ocean breezes rest,
And thro' the welkin scatter joys no more :
Dim vapours rising choak the starry heav'ns,
And all the brute creation scarcely breath ;
Then luckless men inflam'd with parching thirst,
And the dire fervour of the flagrant heat,
On the damp ground incumbent seek for ease,
And drain the brimming bowl with frequent
draughts ;

Whence dizzy fumes the giddy brain disturb,
 And heavy slumbers weigh their eyelids down ;
 Mean time the dew furcharg'd with fate de-
 scends,
 And spreads a deathful cold thro' ev'ry limb ;
 Slow beats the heart, and all the pulses dye :
 At last the fleeting soul reluctant leaves
 The stiff'ning corse, and wonders at her change ;
 While, with the dawning day, their mourning
 friends
 Lament the careless hour too negligent of life.
 Nor these alone betray'd by fatal joys
 Anticipate their end ; but where like heats
 Beneath the burning line perpetual reign,
 The panting seamen, thoughtless of their fate,
 Trust the smooth surface of the flatt'ring main,

And swim with transport o'er it's smiling face ;
 While, left at large, with all her sails un-
 furl'd,

Th' abandon'd vessel unregarded floats :

When lo ! fresh blasts arising swell the waves,
 And briskly drive the hoary surge along :

Swift flies the bark before the wanton breeze,
 And marks with bubbling froth her watry
 road :

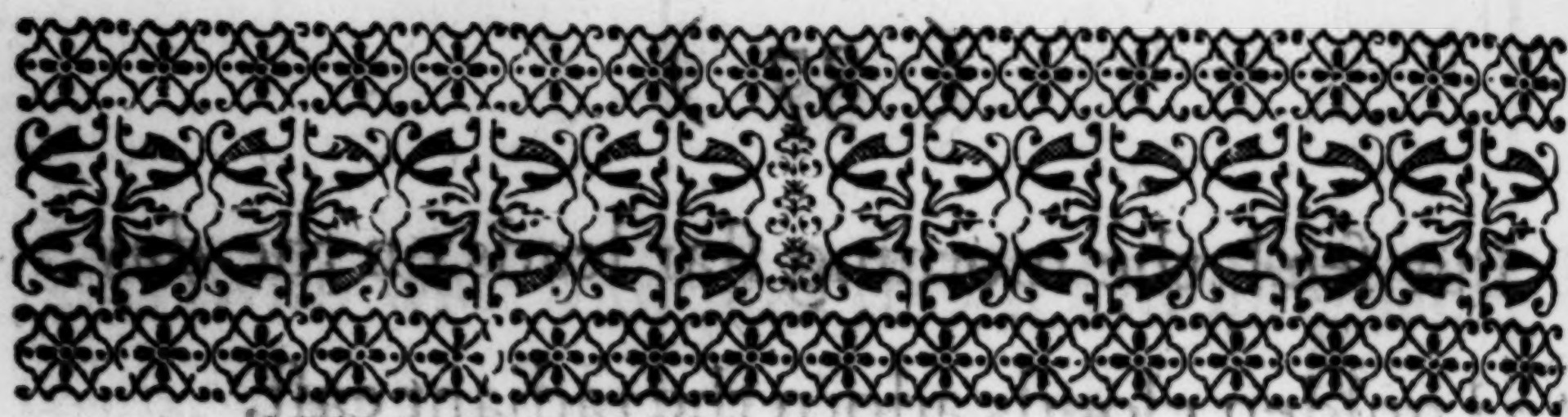
Struck, at the dismal sight, with wild amaze,
 The careless wand'ers struggle in the deeps,
 And vainly toil to reach her friendly side ;
 'Till tir'd, and fainting with the long fatigue,
 They down the ruffled brine despairing sink,
 And in the sad reflection of their folly die.

But see ! the morning star leads on the day,
 And golden clouds adorn the radiant east.
 Far from the light, and man's deceitful race,
 My friend retire, since thy sincerer soul
 Can ne'er descend to varnish o'er their crimes,
 Or stain thy spotless life with fashionable guilt.



D 3

NIGHT:



N I G H T :

A

P O E M.



B o o k the Third.



O W the red dog-star, flaming from
the south,

Rolls off his sultry rays, and frees
the air

From raging fevers, and unwholsom heat.

Autumn

Autumn ascends the sky, and weighs the year
 In even scale: plenty directs her car,
 And empties all her blessings on the earth,
 While equal days, and nights, advancing mild,
 Wave their light pinions o'er the world by turns.

High on a verd'rous hill, the blissful haunt
 Of gladfom satyrs, and of woodland nymphs,
 A ruin'd castle stands, great *Chaucer's* feat!

Where, ages since, the venerable bard
 Rehears'd his songs, and charm'd th' attentive
 woods;

Where all the muses, at his pow'rful call,
 Descended frequent on the midnight green,
 And with melodious musick chear'd the shades.

— But home-bred in after-times disturb'd
 The frighted mansion, and beneath it's walls

Whole armies rush'd, to battle on the plain,
 And dy'd the neighb'ring streams with kind'red
 blood ;

On the strong ramparts loud destruction roar'd
 With ceaseless fury ; whence the goodly frame
 Disjointed fell in dust, and smok obscur'd,
 And but one tow'r of all the pile remains.

—Yet still, when night involves the fable skies
 The builder's awful ghost descends, and sings
 Enchanting numbers on the ruin'd base,
 While lonely echo, in her nightly cell
 Rejoycing, doubles the celestial strain ;
 And the faint trav'ler, list'ning from afar,
 Forgets his woes, and gives his soul to joy.
 All nature's charm'd, and, in their radiant spheres
 The planets dance to the harmonious lay.

When

When day declines, fond of the muses haunt,
 And tir'd with all the various cares of life,
 I tread the rising green ; and, while the sun,
 Red, from the western skies, projects his rays,
 Survey delighted all the vales below,
 Where golden *Ceres* waves the bearded grain,
 And lab'ring peasants cut the harvest down ;
 Where, as still evening shadows o'er the heav'ns,
 And nights dark wing embrowns the ruflet field,
 The tinkling teams draw home the grateful load,
 And jocund swains surrounding blithly chaunt
 Their rustick songs, and sound their mirth aloud ;
 While pearly dew descending damp the ground,
 And hang with liquid gems the trembling leaves.
 Pleas'd with the prospect of a publick good
 Soft raptures swell my soul, nor envy's sting

Can

Can give me torture for a moment's space :
 Tho' all but me with secret joy behold
 Their gather'd harvest, and the gain their own.
 Give me, indulgent fortune, give me health,
 A blest retirement in a small estate ;
 And let my *Nisus* chear the fleeting hours:
 'Tis all I ask, 'tis all my soul can want.

Hail native land ! thus favour'd from above
 With ev'ry blessing human kind can know,
 Where fruitful harvests ripen ev'ry year,
 And sunny fruits bend down the parent tree ;
 Where, undisturb'd with war's destructive rage,
 The smiling farmer heaps th' autumnal wealth,
 And eyes with rapt'rous thought the plenteous
 store,
 Secure from rapine, and the waste of arms,

And

And all the proud demands of arbitrary rule.

Again the night rides thro' the dusky air,

And all the business of the day is done:

The reeking ox, and panting steed, releas'd

From labour, take their due repose; till morn

Ascends irradiate, and renews their toil.

Mean time the chearful rusticks fill the

bowl,

And quaff a short oblivion of their cares;

The merry bagpipe sounds a mirthful tune,

And all the tribe, in awkward dancing join'd,

With jocund heel, fast thump the hollow

ground.

At length the rural banquet crowns the board;

The musick ceases, and the dances end,

The friendly band surrounds the social meal,

And

And takes a sweet repaste ; then drouzy part,
And in soft slumbers waft the careless hours.

Nor *Albion's* fertile glebe can only boast
An o'er-abounding crop of golden grain ;
For, round huge *Ætna's* ever-burning height,
Returning harvest's burthen all the plains,
And wave luxuriant to the buxome gale.

But haply there, while midnight glooms the
world,

And ev'ry weary soul is lost in sleep,
Loud, inbred thunder thro' the mountain rolls,
And to the centre all the island shakes ;
Sulphureous flames involv'd with cloudy smoak
Ascending furious, redden o'er the skies,
And cast a horrid splendour on the deep.

Rouz'd with the dreadful sound the nations start

From thoughtless slumbers, and aghast survey
 The rising horrors of the flaming hill:
 When lo! wide-bursting from the gulph above,
 A fiery deluge, charg'd with molten rocks,
 Descends amain, and, with an hideous roar
 Swift rolling, drives a thousand woes along:
 A thousand torrents rush resistless down,
 And root the forests from the blasted earth;
 The ripen'd harvest crackles in the blaze,
 And all the ruin'd towns, in floods of fire,
 Rent from their deep foundations burn: at last
 Collected in a mighty stream, it falls
 With headlong fury down the rocky shore,
 And flames, and hisses in the deeps below;
 The waters boil, and all the frightened waves
 In foaming circles hurry o'er the main.

Huge

Huge clouds of smoak in dusky wreaths ascend,
 And roll their black'ning volumes to the stars;
 While ghastly peasants, spoil'd of all their wealth,
 From far lament the miserable waste.

So when, descending from the wrathful skies,
 The rage of heav'n in fiery tempests fell,
 And *Sodom* sunk beneath the vengful blaze,
 The Patriarch, early as the morning light,
 Beheld the horrors of the deathful scene,
 And mourn'd the dire effects of unrepented guilt.
 Now fable midnight shades the peaceful globe,
 And o'er the spacious skies the vivid stars
 Serenely shoot their rays; the dying gale
 Pants in the with'ring trees; and down the fruit
 Falls ripen'd to the ground: the sleepy rills
 Roll easy o'er the sands their silver waves,

And

And murmur now no more : silence ascends
 With downy pinions thro' the drouzy air,
 And on the ocean's brim hang all the lazy clouds.
 —Wide, o'er th' illumin'd north, pale splendours
 In fiery columns streaming to the stars ; (rise
 And flash, and wave o'er all th' aethereal blue.
 The lightfom earth, again unveils her charms,
 As when the moon's increasing orb ascends,
 And looks enliven'd in the transient dawn ;
 The level waters, brighten'd, from afar
 Reflect the glories of the shining vault,
 And grace the landscape with their borrow'd rays ;
 While the lone wizard, in his secret cell,
 Divines the blaze portentous to the world,
 And shakes with horror at the harmless flame.

Now,

Now, from his dark abode, the god of dreams
 Fantastick *Morpheus* ! with his various train
 Of empty joys, and airy woes ascends,
 And roams at pleasure o'er the silent world ;
 Here lurks beneath th' embroider'd tyrian bed
 In treasons for m, and frights the monarch's soul ;
 Or, circled round with dreadful faces, storms
 The trembling gate, and drives th' attendant
 deaths,
 In vollied thunder, on the sleeping guard.
 —There far from courts, amidst the humble
 tribes,
 Of lowly mortals sunk in deep repose,
 He paints illusive scenes of fancied joy,
 And gives a loose of pleaiure to the sportive brain
 The dying lover dreams of golden hopes,

And strains his charmer in a vain embrace ;
 The friendless wretch beholds, with ravish'd eyes,
 The grateful prospect of imagin'd wealth ;
 And the poor slave, that's wedded to his oar,
 Wanders at large thro' all his realms of bliss.

O thou the only friend the luckless know,
 Propitious god of visionary minds !
 O let thy kindly influence bless my nights,
 And with the happiest dreams delight my slum-
 b'ring hours ;

For, while the fleeting phantoms breath their
 charms,

All sullen sorrows quit their gloomy reign,
 And swelling raptures gladden ev'ry thought ;
 Then, with a speedy wing, we swiftly soar,
 From pole, to pole, and traverse ev'ry clime ;

And

E

In

In ev'ry clime the varying prospects change,
 And all the wonders of the gladfom globe,
 In gay fucceffion, chear the wand'ring foul.

Sometimes the guardian pow'rs of virtue's fons,
 Array'd in all the glories of the sky,
 Defcend indulgent to their earthly charge,
 And drive the horrors of the night away ;
 Tune to immortal fongs their golden lyres,
 And footh the woes of life with heav'n's eternal
 joys.

Mean time, flow-rolling o'er the wat'ry meads,
 The gath'ring mist extends it's noxious damp,
 And dims the welkin with a blewifh fhade ;
 Then vagrant fires, from the moist earth exhal'd,
 Faint-glimm'ring fhoot a far-deceiving light,
 On which attendant daemons nightly wait,

And

And smile at mischief in the dancing blaze ;
 For, gently wafted o'er the wondring green,
 The tempting vapours smoothly glide along,
 And, with uncertain glimpse, the wand'rer lead
 Thro' pathless fields, and thorny brakes astray ;
 While, sore fatigu'd, he groans beneath the toil,
 And, sporting with his pain, the wily fiend
 Glares thro' the lambent flame, and daunts his
 frightened soul.

—But hark ! the stormy *south* begins to blow,
 And sweeps tempestuous o'er the sounding grove :
 The branches bend, and all the shaken leaves
 Thick-show'ring fall, and shade the *dimpl*y stream :
 Down from the wat'ry clouds the rains descend,
 And beat, and murmur to the hollow blast :
 Deep darkness glooms the sky, and half the globe,

And

E 2

Involv'd

Involv'd with night, and horror, mourns below.

At length the tempest, gath'ring all it's force,

Bursts from on high with a tremendous roar,

And, raving dreadful o'er the frightened world,

An huge, wide-wasting ruin spreads around :

Torn in the whirl, and twisted from it's root,

The knotted oak is hurried through the air,

And, downwards hurl'd with a resistless strength

The pond'rous buildings fall ; trembles the

earth

Beneath the horrid shock, and hills, and dales,

From far resounding, echo to the noise.

The ocean, rouz'd, and whiten'd o'er with

foam,

It's wrathful billows furious rolls along,

And, loud as thunder bursting from the clouds

Bea

low. Beats on the rugged shore with ceaseless rage,

ce, And boils, and sparkles in the broken wave.

r, Now, all forlorn, the hapless seamen wail

d, Their wayward fate ; the boist'rous tempest

d : tears

ot, Their useless sails, and breaks the stubborn masts,

, And all the horrors of the deep ascend.

ngth Long tortur'd with the raging pangs of thirst,

es the And all the woes of life-consuming want,

They reel, and stagger in the blust'ring gale ;

les, Or tumbling headlong dash the froathy brine,

And spread abroad their suppliant hands in vain,

r with The starving few, which yet remain alive,

With hunger fainting, and fatigu'd with toil,

All hopeless, heartless with surrounding woes,

ouds Resign the vessel to the waves, and winds,

Bea

And wait the fury of the wastful storm.

Mean time no prospect dawns of future joy,
But dire despair presents a dismal scene
Of endless wants, and aggravated woes.

All black she rises on their pensive souls,
And throws a mournful sadness o'er the night,
Now prompts th' impatient wretch to wish that
fate

Would end at once his sorrows, and his life :
Then back returns the melancholy thought
Of former bliss, and pleasures now no more,
The waving harvest, and the plenteous meal,
Or *Gallia's* vintage, and the purple grape,
Bursting with fragrant juice, in vain describes ;
And chrystal waters, gently murm'ring, pours
Before the thirsty soul : so death ascends

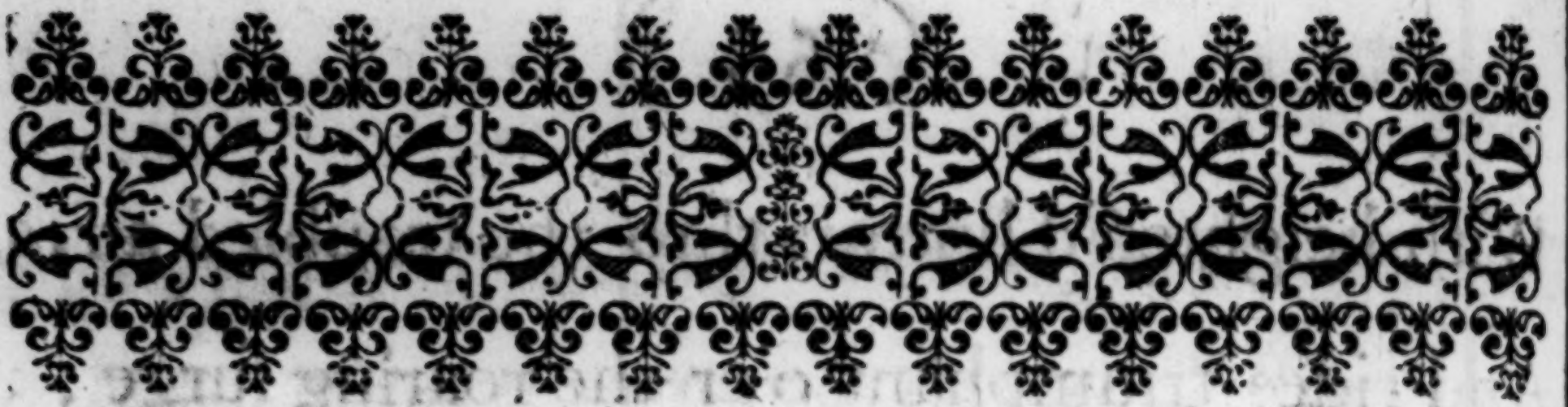
With

With heighten'd horrors thro' the troubled air,
 And rides triumphant o'er the roaring surge ;
 While day-light, slowly breaking thro' the
 gloom,
 Purples the clouds, and dawns upon the deep.



NIGHT:

E 4



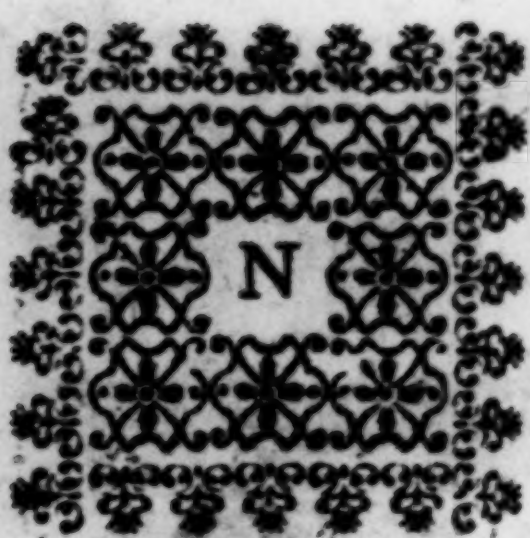
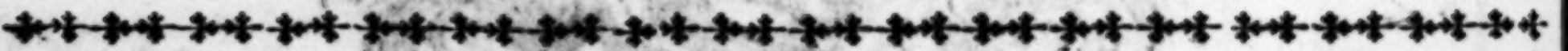
N I G H T;

A

P O E M.



B o o k the Fourth.



OW, stripp'd of all it's verd'rous
pride, the year
Slowly decays, while, on the nor-
thern blast,
Bleak horrors rise, and all deform the world.

No

No more soft pleasure smoothes the night's dark
brow,

And cheers the wakeful soul; no spicy gales
Breath fragrant odours o'er the flow'ry field,
And murmur musick thro' the waving grove:

No lonely *Philomela* tunes her voice,
And fings melodious in the secret shade:

No more the lovers seek their gladfom walks,
But look, and shudder at the varied scene;
For, all around, sad winter chills the air,
And hills, and plains present one dreary waft.

Now from the wat'ry vale gray mists ascend,
And roll, and thicken to the neighb'ring skies;
Amid the foggy cloud the stars are lost,
The prospects vanish, and a formless blank,
Wide-spreading, veils the whole creation round:

The

The wand'ring wretch, uncertain of his road,
 In terrour walks, and, all his caution vain,
 With sudden ruin sinks affrighted down,
 And in the silent water dies: then boist'rous
 gales

Burst from their latent caves, and clear the air,
 Before the storm the length'ning vapour flies,
 And all the roughen'd currents fiercely rave.
 But e'er the midnight's gloom it's rage declines,
 And all the waves are still: when freezing fast
 The harden'd earth is crufted o'er with ice,
 And fetter'd ev'ry stream, while hoary frosts,
 Descending, silver o'er the dusky green,
 And cloath with gelid down the nodding trees,
 'Till the broad sun ascends the wint'ry sky,
 And by degrees dissolves the frozen dew.

Again

Again the night returns, and eastern winds,
Deep-founding; roll the pond'rous clouds along,
And furious drive an intermingled show'r
Of hail, and snow, and rain tempestuous down;
Freezing it falls, and, from the stiffen'd boughs,
In icy drops, and pendent chrystal, hangs.
The earth's dark realms are glaz'd, and hills,
and plains,
Beneath the driving mist, are wholly lost.
Then, all o'er labour'd on some craggy height,
Projecting dreadful o'er the raging deep,
The darksom pilgrim clings to ev'ry shrub,
And hears amaz'd the billows break below
With ceaseless fury on it's trembling base:
At length up-torn, before the vengful blast,
The rock's rough brow gives way, and, fractur'd
wide, With

With huge destruction tumbles from on high,
 And plunges fiercely in the foaming brine ;
 Crush'd in the fall the luckless wretch expires,
 And on his mangled limbs the scaly monsters
 feed.

(bove,

Mean time, loud-roaring from the heights a-
 The gushing torrents force their downward way,
 And in a gen'ral deluge drive along ;
 Now with a circling sweep in eddies foam,
 And wheel, and bellow by the rocky shores ;
 Then, madly furious, o'er the bending cliff,
 With all their mingled load of floating trees,
 And ruin'd cotts, precipitate their rage,
 And, in a burst of muddy waters, plunge
 Amid the whirlings of the giddy waves.

Thus

Thus where, athwart a ridge of broken rocks,
 The rapid, sea-wide *Niagara* falls,
 With head-long haste it *hurries* down the steep,
 As from a mountain's brow, and, raving loud,
 For ever thunders in the depths below ;
 A rising mist hangs o'er the frothy gulph,
 And horrid whirlpools rage along the shore,
 All white with boiling foam for many a league.

Now all the burthen'd clouds their fleecy
 load

Discharge ; the forest bends beneath the weight,
 And all the plains in rising drifts are lost :
 The whit'ning hills gleam faintly to the skies,
 And, floating silent thro' the lightfom meads,
 The widening torrent slowly rolls along.
 Eas'd of their fright at last the the dusky clouds

Unveil

Unveil the heav'ns, and free the lab'ring air :
 The waning moon appears with feeble ray,
 And o'er the wint'ry waſt remotely ſhines.
 This is the time for ſuch whoſe active ſouls
 Explore the twinkling glories of the ſky ;
 This is the time for ſuch t' aſcend in thought,
 And travel o'er the vaſt immense ; to chaſe
 The ſwifteſt meteors with an equal wing,
 And meaſure out the comet's vengeful blaze ;
 T' examine all the wand'ring ſtars that roll
 Around the ſun, the fountain of their beams !
 To ken ev'n their attendant orbs, and watch
 Their various motions, and their changing rays ;
 To ſail thro' ſeas of fluid light, and ſearch
 The crouded ſplendours of the milky way ;
 To tow'r yet upwards, and be loſt amid

New stars, and suns, and worlds, as yet unknown,

That fill the boundless space, and prove the pow'r
Of an Almighty hand, thro' all the heav'nly
frame :

For then serenely pure the air's refin'd,

And gives the smallest spark it's turn to shine ;

Then, doubly fulgent, all the starry globes

Exert their radiance o'er the heav'nly blue,

And all the wide expansion flames with light.

But, where the huge metropolis extends

Her cloudy skirts, and restless mortals toil

For wealth, and honour, be my wish'd abode,

Far from the snowy field, the icy flood,

And all the rigour of the blust'ring winds.

There

There let me think o'er all the scenes of life,
 And learn mankind ; or, when dark night
 ascends, (spires,
 And wreaths black vapours round th' aereal
 Alone, retir'd from all the busy world,
 Let me attend the melancholy sound
 Of fun'ral bells, and view the pomp of death
 Slow-moving onward to th' expecting grave :
 That, when the tyrant bends his dreadful bow
 And threat'ning aims at me his mortal dart,
 I undisturb'd may bow submissive down,
 And bless the friendly stroke : — but frail man
 kind
 Would vainly boast to stand his dreaded pow'r,
 Serene, or, with untrembling heart, survey
 The awful prospect of retreating life.

For, while the soul's imprison'd here below,
 And shares the frailties of this earthly mould,
 Her firmest thought with ev'ry trifle veers,
 And all her reas'nings turn to ev'ry gale:
 Fond of content we range the worldly maze,
 And court the gay delights of ev'ry scene;
 Yet own the goddess flies the eager chase,
 Nor deigns to fix at the imagin'd goal:
 Now, charm'd with rural joys, she seems to roam
 In lonely shades, and all concealing night,
 But, e'er the vain pursuers can arrive,
 She waves her wanton wings, and fleets away:
 Thence thro' the hurry of the world, she roves
 And gilds with transient glance the tempting
 In vain we follow still the flying good, (scene;
 And wish, and struggle to possess her charms;

'Till, too sublime, the fair deceiver soars,
And in the clouds is ever, ever lost.

Now horrid night arising shadowy glooms
The northern skies, and, o'er sad *Greenland's* coast
For half the year, continual darkness spreads:
No friendly dawn the dreary landscape knows,
Nor print of human feet, but sable clouds,
In black-brow'd volumes, hang for ever round;
And beasts of rapine, with incessant yell,
Haunt the dread circuit of the hideous void.

Mean time dire winter rules the frozen air,
And rides in whirlwinds thro' the low'ring sky:
From the bleak hills sweeps off the drifted snows,
And drives his horrors o'er the wastful plain:
Then adverse gales embroil the surging waves,
And all the mountains of chrystalline ice,

(The

(The mighty *labour* of unnumbered years!)

To furious combat rush, and *crack*, and *rage*

Amid the boiling deep: huge ruins fall,

As with an earthquake shatter'd from on high,

And, loudly thund'ring down the rugged steep,

Crush with enormous weight the rocks below:

Th' afflicted shores resound, the ocean raves,

And all it's monsters tremble at the roar:

Ev'n whales, immensely huge, like cluster'd isles

Float from the din, and, with enormous gate

Wall'wing unwieldy, stem the wrathful surge,

And doubly tempest the outrageous main;

Press'd with their monst'rous bulk it groans

beneath,

And vainly struggles with th' o'erwhelming load;

While to the clouds they spout the whiten'd

wave,

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And

And sink the ebbing waters from their shore.

Hence, e'er the sun fulfils his latest rounds,
 And wheels his circles on the earth's cold verge,
 The gladfom ships depart to warmer climes;
 While, lone, forsaken on the desert strand,
 Some hapless seaman views with eyes aghast,
 And stupid horror all the less'ning sails;
 'Till gone, for ever gone, the happy fleet
 Ploughs o'er remoter waves: then, all forlorn,
 And frantick with despair, he beats his breast,
 And vainly mourns his miserable fate,
 As down the skies, the day-light hafts amain,
 And long, long night, and rig'rous colds suc-
 ceed.

At last dire hunger, and the chilling blast
 Sink the sad wand'rer on the snowy ground,

And

And

And

And

And e'er kind death can seal his closing eyes,
 The bears, and wolves (an horrid train!) descend,
 And join fierce battels o'er the prostrate wretch,
 And rend, and tear his crackling limbs by turns:
 Till the sad soul, affrighted flies away,
 And scatter'd on the waft his bones remain
 A dreadful prospect to returning fleets.

Now view the *Baltick* main oppress'd with
 heaps (shore,
 Of thick-ribb'd ice, and chain'd, from shore, to
 Beneath the pond'rous load--Hark! from below,
 Th' indignant billows murmur for release,
 And heave, and labour with the weight in vain:
 ---But lo! the night ascends, and southern
 gales,
 All gloomy, drive the misty rains along,

And by degrees dissolve the mighty frame ;
Thro' the dun air behold yon dreadless Swedes
In haſt returning, laden with the ſpoils
Of waſted realms, along the dang'rous wild ;
Unhappy men ! how fruitless all their toil
And plunder prove ? their footing melts aſtain,
And, e'er they can approach the cloudy coaſt,
The maſſy ruins, broken all around,
Like thunder echo'd in a thouſand hills,
Burſt from the ſhore, and, with a dreadful craſh,
Divide the rocky fragments o'er the foaming
waves ;
The foaming waves, exulting, and at large,
Rave with mad fury round the floating iſles,
And drive them fiercely to the trembling ſhores ;
Loud

Loud sounds the shock, and all the neighb'ring
lands,

Astonish'd, to their deep foundations shake:
While, struck with horror at the amazing scene,
The frightened wretches sink despairing down,
And in the vast, the loud confusion dyc.

Mean time the sons of grandeur crown the
bowl,

And laugh, and frolick 'till the morning's dawn;
Or, in th' expensive feast, and frolick dance,
Enjoy the smiling hours: then wrapp'd in down,
Sleep the cold length of tardy night away,
Nor dream the sorrows which the luckless feel,
Dark-roaming thro' the melancholy gloom,
And beg a shelter from the blast in vain;
With harden'd hearts the living bar their doors,

And all relief deny: the silent dead
 Are only kind; so in the dreary vault,
 On heaps of mould'ring bones, they seek repose,
 And bless the friendly shade. Ye heav'nly pow'rs,
 If riches e'er must gild my future days,
 And thirst of more should with my wealth
 increase;
 Far, far away the baneful gift remove;
 For, when the man who brooded o'er his gold,
 And idoliz'd the heap, or, he whose soul,
 Intent on sensual joy, refus'd to give
 The smallest bounty to the wretch in want;
 When such with dire diseases waste away,
 And death approaching stares 'em in the face;
 What pangs! what tortures rack the lab'ring
 mind,

And

And shoot their horrors cold thro' ev'ry limb !
 To them the night presents a dismal shade,
 And guilt, and fear prolong the lazy hours ;
 Then rising spectres with a dreadful glare,
 Tremendous stalk amidst the redd'ning gloom,
 And furious toss their burning brands on high ;
 Or, round the restless couch, (a ghastly throng !)
 Yell hideous, and with icy hand prepare
 To bind the sinner in eternal chains ;
 While owls obscene, portentous scream aloud,
 And ev'ry gale, and ev'ry midnight sound,
 Rings awful as the horrid call of death.
 So, e'er the morning light, despairing heav'n,
 And laden with her crimes the soul departs,
 And waiting daemons seize the guilty freight,
 And howl exulting thro' the dusky air.

But

But he who groans beneath the rage of fate,
 Perplex'd with want, and stung with daily woes;
 Yet freely proffers, with a lib'ral hand,
 To wretched lazars suitable relief,
 And spends in friendly offices his days;
 If he, (mean tenant of an humble roof,
 Low-seated on a rapid river's brink,
 When tardy winter shakes his frozen wings
 Prepar'd to journey thro' the skies away,
 And blust'rous night hangs horrid in the clouds:)
 If he attentive hears the rains descend,
 And the rough torrent, charg'd with roaring ice,
 Down-rushing furious to the ocean wave;
 If the loud winds blow stormy round his head,
 And the huge billows, bursting o'er their banks,
 Deluge the meads with one resistless flood,

And

And sweep his dwelling in their rage away:
Serenely firm, in all that whirl of death,
His constant soul without a murmur leaves
The sinking corse, and tow'rs aloft to heav'n

F I N I S,



(75)

And sweep his dwelling in their rage away :

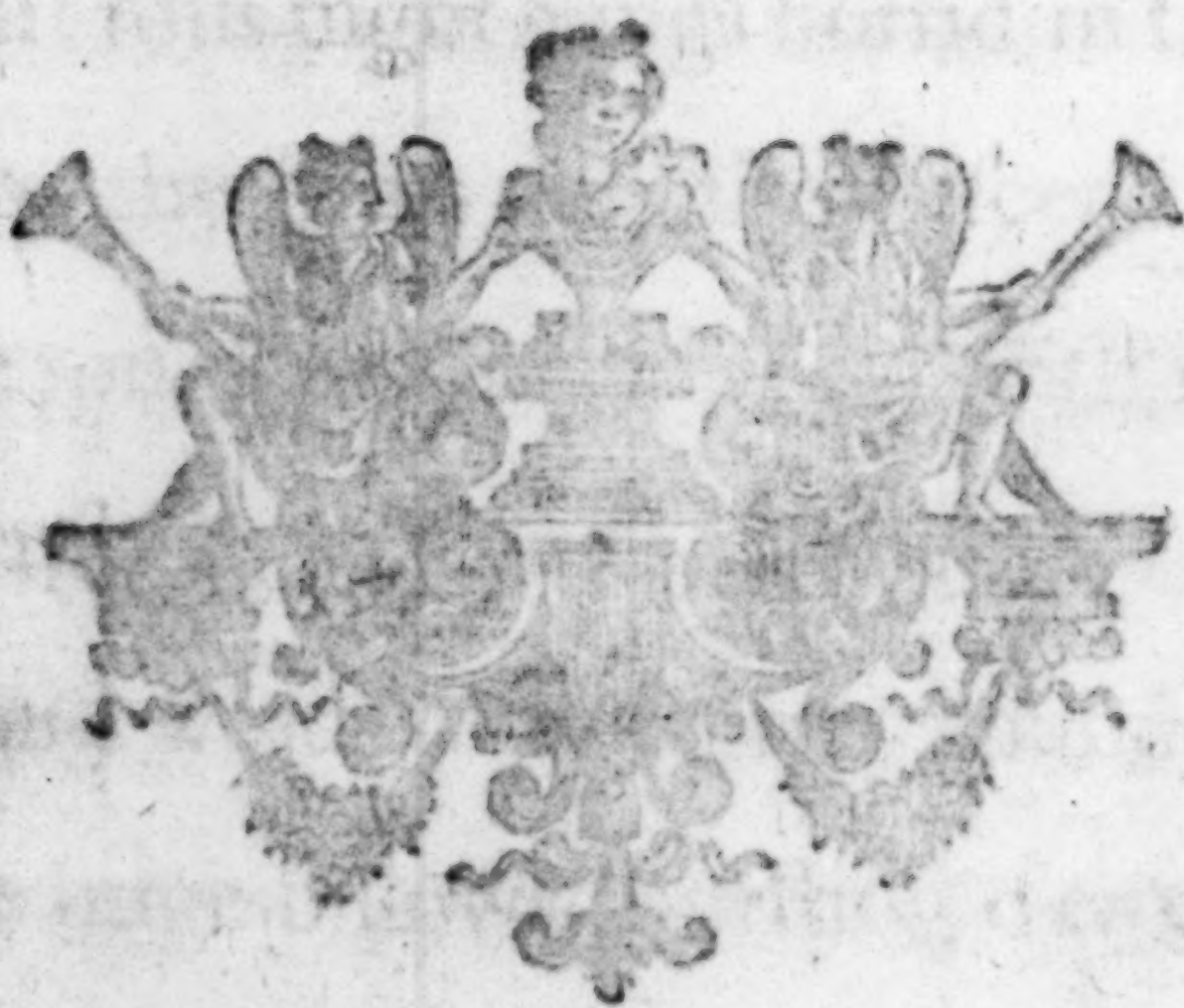
Forcely arm, in all the whirl of death,

His constant toll, in human leaves,

The sinking cord, and that is lost to heav'n.



F I W I 2



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